But of all burdens, that a man can beare,
Moste is, a fooles talke to beare and to heare.
I wene the Geaunt has not such a weight,
That beares on his shoulders the heauens height.
Thou findest faulte, where nys to be found,
And buildest strong warke vpon a weake ground:
Thou rapleſt on right withouten reason,
And blamest hem much, for small encheason.
How shoulden shepheardes liue, if not so?
What should they pynen in payne and woe?
Nay sayd I thereto, by my deare borrowe,
If I may rest, I nill liue in sorrowe.
Sorrowe ne needs be hastened on:
For he will come without calling anone.
While times enduren of tranquillitie,
Vsen we freely our felicitie.
For when approchen the stormie stowres,
We mought with our shoulders beare of the sharpe showres.
And sooth to sayne, nought seemeth like strife,
That shepheardes so witen ech others life,
And layen her faults the world before,
The while their foes done eache of hem scorne.
Let none mislike of that may not be mended:
So conteck soone by concord mought be ended.

PIERS.

Shepheard, I list none accordaunce make
With shepheard, that does the right way forsake.
And of the twaine, if choice were to me,
Had leuer my foe, then my freend he be.
For what concord han light and darke same?
Or what peace has the Lion with the Lambe?
Such faitors, when their falſe harts bene hidde.
Will doe, as did the Fore by the Kidde.

PALINODE.

Now *Piers*, of felowship, tell vs that saying:
For the Ladde can keepe both our flocks from straying.





PIERS.

Thilke same Kidde (as I ca
Was too very foolish and v
For on a tyme in Sommer
The Gate her dame, that
Yode forth abroade vnto the greer
To brouze, or play, or what shee th
But for she had a motherly care
Of her young sonne, and wit to bew
Shee set her youngling before her
That was both fresh and lovely to
And full of fauour, as kidde mough
His Vellet head began to shoote
And his wreathed hornes gan new
The blossomes of lust to bud did b
And spring forth rancke vnder hi
My sonne (quoth she) (and wi
For carefull thoughts in her heart
God blesse thee poore Orphane, a
And send thee ioy of thy iollitee
Thy father (that word she spake
For a sigh had nigh rent her hear
Thy father, had he lived this day,
To see the braunche of his body d
How would he haue ioyed at this
But ah falſe Fortune such ioy did
And cutte of hys dayes with vnti
Betraying him into the traines o
Now I a waylfull widowe behi
Of my old age haue this one delig
To see thee succeede in thy father
And flourish in flowres of lusty hea
For euen so thy father his head b
And so his hauty hornes did he w
Tho marking him with melti
A thrilling throbbe from her hart
And interrupted all her other spe



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